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THE PACIFIC

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Are you sheltered, curled up and content
by the world's warm fire?
Then I say that your soul is in danger!
The sons of the Light, they are down with
God in the mire,
God in the manger.

* * * * *

So rouse from your perilous ease; to your
sword and your shield;
Your ease is the ease of the cattle.
Hark, hark where the bugles are calling:
Out to some field—
Out to some battle!

—Edwin Markham.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Many daily papers, of late, have changed their head lines to head lies.

There are approximately 1400 Christian Endeavor Societies in California, with an aggregate membership of 38,000.

The Young Men's Christian Associations in California number 68. They own property valued at four million dollars.

Columbia University has a deficit this year of $200,000. Rigid economy will begin when the next University year opens in September.

In February of this year the University of California had approximately 2200 alumni, students and members of the faculty in government service.

There are more than two thousand Spanish and Portuguese soldiers at Camp Kearny. A Spanish Y. M. C. A. has been organized, and the men are to be ministered to in their own tongue.

The membership of the Methodist Church in Southern California is more than double the membership in Northern California. The Southern Conference figures are 52,154; the Northern, 25,442.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, who spent several months recently in a temperance campaign in England, says that the brewers in that country made ten times as much out of beer in 1917 as they made in 1914; and that their boast is that prohibition is dead there.

According to statistics recently gathered and published by the California State Church Federation all of the 588 Methodist Churches in the State had church buildings, and all of the 366 Presbyterian. For the 247 Congregational Churches only 206 buildings were reported. The report stated that in some respects the statistics were incomplete.

Latest statistics give the Methodist Episcopal Church in California a membership of 80,898. This includes the foreign speaking. The Presbyterian Church stands next with 51,991. The Baptist membership is 41,110; the Christian is 33,476; the Congregational, 32,844; the Episcopal, 28,663; the Lutheran, 18,853; the Methodist Church, South, 11,466. The Seventh Day Adventists number 11,563; the Unitarians, 4,600.

Easter Sunday a celebration such as the Holy Land had never before witnessed was held in Jerusalem. The various Christian sects gave pledges to the British Governor-General to bury their ancient strifes and observe Easter together at the holy places in Bethlehem and Jerusalem. They met in perfect accord. Four thousand Jews held an open-air meeting on the Mount of Olives, and listened to addresses by representatives of the British Zionist Commission.

The Catholics claim 17,416,303 adherents in the United States. There are twenty States having a Catholic population of 150,000 or over: New York, 3,088,406; Pennsylvania, 1,885,000; Illinois, 1,482,574; Massachusetts, 1,406,060; Ohio, 858,609; New Jersey, 728,073; Michigan, 631,550; Louisiana, 599,900; Wisconsin, 592,233; California, 577,-993; Missouri, 534,570; Connecticut, 516,579; Minnesota, 480,535; Texas, 428,389; Maryland (including District of Columbia), 278,000; Rhode Island, 275,000; Indiana, 274,-404; Iowa, 265,500; Kentucky, 175,991; New Mexico, 150,-573. There are 20,477 Catholic priests in the United States. Of this number 5,555 are priests of religious orders.

Sergeant Barre, a veteran in the United States Army who returned recently from France, says that when the Salvation Army workers were first "saddled" on him as a transport officer he hated them. They were mostly women and he was prejudiced against women workers on the battlefield. But their devotion, their heroism and self-sacrifice won him gradually, and he testifies now to a splendid influence by them on the men in the trenches. As to all relief workers Sergeant Barre says: "I find in this as in other countries a great deal of worry about whether religious and relief organizations, such as the Salvation Army and the Y. M. C. A., overlap and interfere with each other. All such questions arise far behind the lines. At the front relief workers of every sort and every sect find a hundred times more work than they can do, and there is never a thought of overlapping or competition."

A church called "The Owensmouth Community Church" was organized in Southern California in January, 1917. The Secretary of the State Church Federation writes concerning it: "The church recognizes the superintendents of five denominations in Los Angeles as its Advisory Board, viz., superintendents of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Christian Churches. The plan has the fullest accord of the community and the utmost harmony prevails. Members of all evangelical denominations are welcomed and are recorded as members of their own denomination. To insure stability the church is affiliated with the Methodist Church, owing to that denomination having 70 per cent of the membership. The affiliation may be changed by a three-fourths majority of all members so voting and the consent of the Board of Superintendents. All uniting denominations, whether regular or affiliated, are on the same level as to privileges. No denomination may start a separate church without the consent of the Board of Superintendents. Church property may be held locally by the Community Church. The new plan has brought peace, nuitl and prosperity to that small but ever-growing church community."

"Is that California Anti-Slang Society still in existence?" asks Caleb Cobweb in the Christian Endeavor World. He adds: "I hope it is, and that many other societies of the same purpose have sprung from it. Surely our country is the slangiest on the face of the earth. We are fairly free from the dialects that perplex the visitor to England, but our slang constitutes an outrageous dialect which varies

within the narrowest limits, and changes incessantly. It is only by shrewd guesses that one can catch the drift of the conversation of many college boys and girls. Many of our newspapers and not a few of our popular novelists would be unintelligible to Dickens or Scott. It has become a matter of pride with innumerable persons, young and old, to rattle off the latest language enormities as if they were born to them. There is a new lingo every year, and each is more absurd than the last. Some slang, of course, out of this abominable mess is bound to survive into permanent English and even to become classic; but our language does not need enriching in this fantastic way, and gets more harm than good from it. The devotee of slang, indeed, speedily loses his sense of good English. He ceases to value it, even to understand it. Correct usage sounds affected to him. He is out of his element when he is with slangless people. He has exiled himself from the society of the thoughtful and refined. He has become an intellectual sot."

An Arizona Indian who had schooling in the Indian school at Phoenix having been asked recently, "How did you feel when you came home from school?" replied: "How would you have felt? I spent ten years in the school at Phoenix, Arizona. You know the school, it is so beautiful there, with everything for comfort and pleasure. When I came back it was to sleep on the sand, and to sit on the earth, for there were no beds, no chairs, no knives or forks, and I hated it all so that I didn't want to live. For two weeks I hated and suffered," and then pointing to a clump of sage brush, he said, "I went over there, and falling on my face with my fingers digging into the sand, I cried, 'O God, let me die now. I cannot live here, and there's no other place for me.' Then thoughts of what I had been taught came to me, that this was no way to meet difficulties. So very humbly I prayed. 'O God, perhaps you cannot change my surroundings. O God, change me so I may not be unhappy." And God did change him; and after he had entered into the beauty of self-abnegation, changed also his surroundings. The writer of an article in the Assembly Herald states that there is much in the surroundings of the Indians in Arizona that is heart-breaking and of infinite pathos. He says: "One young man whom I met in one of the Pueblos was with long hair, and wearing a blanket, and to all appearances one of the old-time Indians, but morose and uncivil, never returning my greeting, but with averted face passing silently by. One day I followed him to his shop, for he was the blacksmith, and tried to establish a point of contact, only to be met with a negative, obstinate shake of the head. Taking him by surprise by the question, 'Where were you educated?' he said, 'Carlisle.' So I quietly said, 'You can talk English; why do you not speak to me when I want to be your friend?' Immediately the sluices were opened, and throwing his hammer on the ground he poured out the bitterness that was in his heart. 'Yes, I speak English, but my people do not. I love better things, but they will not have them. I have no other place to go and I am forced to wear a blanket and to let my hair grow long, and I am ashamed of it all. But what can I do? I couldn't speak to you for the shame that was in my heart.' Patiently I tried to show him the way. He caught up his hammer and it made hopeful merry music as I went over the dusty road."

THE ARTICLES ON THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Dean Norton of Pomona College wrote last week: "The articles in The Pacific on the origin of the University at Berkeley were genuine contributions to the history of our State."

That series of articles never has been finished. There is considerable of interest and value to be given yet, and we shall find time, we trust, to write the other articles at an early date.

Their publication in pamphlet form, when completed, has been suggested by several persons.

A BRIEF ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING THE PACIFIC.

It was stated in The Pacific last week that announcement would be made this week of the new plans for the publishing of the paper. A mere statement will have to suffice now:

Steps have been taken for reincorporation as a religious publishing company without profit. The following named persons have been selected as trustees: George W. Scott, First Church, Alameda; I. H. Morse, First Church, San Francisco; F. J. Van Horn, First Church, Oakland; C. H. Ham, Mission Church, San Francisco; Judge Curtis D. Wilbur, First Church, Los Angeles; B. C. Preston, Palo Alto; F. P. Cole, Berkeley; H. H. Wikoff, Berkeley; D. H. Dexter, San Francisco.

The present Editor has been asked to take the position of Editor-in-chief, or editor and manager; and a corps of contributing editors has been chosen as follows: J. W. Buckham, C. L. Kloss, R. C. Brooks, B. H. Stauffer, E. A. King, C. Ferris, W. N. Burr, C. S. Patten, Hugh Elmer Brown, A. B. Patten, Jonathan Edwards, A. W. Palmer.

Letters of acceptance have been received from all but three of these persons.

The new board of directors cannot be legally organized until the charter has been received from the Secretary of State, but it has been acting through committees and individual members with representatives of the old board in the arrangements that will result soon in the passing over to it in full of the control of The Pacific. The corps of contributing editors was selected in a conference composed of members of the old board and the new.

Next week or the week after there will be some statement of what it is hoped to make The Pacific to our Coast Congregationalism, along with a statement of some of the things leading up to such action as has been taken thus far.

Nothing that has been done was done without the most careful deliberation, and with the interests of the entire Pacific Coast in view all the time. The new Board will do everything that can be done to make The Pacific a thoronghly satisfactory Pacific Coast paper.

THE PACIFIC DENOMINATIONALLY DIRECTED.

When the Pacific was established in 1851 it was on the initiative of Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians. The Rev. J. W. Douglas, one of the two missionaries sent to California by the American Home Missionary Society in 1848, was requested to lead in establishing it, and for a while he was the publisher and proprietor. It was edited by Mr. Douglas with the co-operation of the Rev. J. A. Benton, pastor of the Congregational Church at Sacramento, the Rev. S. H. Willey, pastor of the Howard Street Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, and the Rev. T. D. Hunt, pastor of the First Congregational Church.

Later the paper came under the direction of the Congregational Association and the New School Presbyterian Synod, and from time to time deficits in the current expenses of the publication were met by these bodies. For a short time there was some co-operation on the part of the Old School Presbyterian Synod.

In 1863 the Synod of Alta California, New School, pro-

posed to the Congregational Association that either the Association or the Synod assume sole proprietorship and liabilities. The Association voted to assume such proprietorship and liabilities, and appointed trustees as follows: E. D. Sawyer, E. P. Flint, Cyrus Palmer, J. W. Clark, Isaac E. Davis.

The Association then appointed the Revs. J. A. Benton, George Mooar and W. C. Bartlett as editors.

Trustees were elected by the Association year by year—all from California up to 1879 when the board was enlarged and one was appointed for Oregon and one for Washington Territory. In 1879 the trustees were: S. S. Smith, A. P. Flint, J. Kimball, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, S. A. Chapin, S. Foster of California; P. S. Knight of Oregon; E. O. Tade of Washington Territory.

The latter part of 1879 Deacon S. S. Smith and the Rev. John Kimball entered on the management under appointment by the trustees appointed by the Associations of California and Oregon and Washington Territory.

In 1880 the trustees in their annual report to the Association called attention to the fact that The Pacific had no legal ownership, and consequently no legal status should its interests at any time require to be protected in a court of law. They requested the Association to authorize the trustees to be appointed that year to take such steps as might be found necessary, either by incorporation or otherwise, to hold the property legally.

In 1881 the trustees reported that no incorporation had been effected, the details not having up to that time been sufficiently considered. The following Resolution by Dr. Warren was then adopted: "That this Association respectfully request and hope that the Resolutions recommending the incorporation of The Pacific may be carried into effect before the next meeting."

In 1882 the trustees reported that in accordance with the vote of the Association in 1880, renewed in 1881, an incorporation had been effected bearing the name, "The Publishing Company of The Pacific." The purposes for which it was formed were stated to be: "1. The publication in the City of San Francisco of **The Pacific**, a religious newspaper, to be published in the interests of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. 2. The conducting of a general printing and publishing business. 3. Acquisition and ownership of such real and personal property as may be required in the conduct of the said business, including the ownership of the said paper."

The amount of capital stock was given as $10,000, divided into 1000 shares of $10 each. It was stated that the seven directors or trustees had subscribed for 320 shares. Names of directors: S. S. S. Smith, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, W. M. Searby, S. A. Chapin, S. F. Bufford, A. P. Flint.

Other shares of stock were subscribed for at that meeting of the Association which brought the total up 542.

In the "Report on The Pacific" at the Association meeting in 1883 it was stated: "As The Pacific is now published by an incorporated company the financial responsibility of its publication no longer rests with the General Association. We trust that the responsibility remains unchanged of contributing to its support in the various ways in which all our constituents, both pastors and people, can help in sustaining the newspaper of the churches of our fellowship." It was pointed out in what manner pastors and churches could render aid, and they were reminded: "What it will be in the year to come will depend largely upon what you make it." It was stated that the editorial work was done in the main without compensation.

From the date of incorporation in 1882, up to December 31, 1896, the paper was issued by The Publishing Company of The Pacific under the management of Deacon S. S. Smith and the Rev. John Kimball, who as already stated had taken charge in 1879.

The first of January, 1897, the Rev. J. A. Cruzan became Editor and Manager of The Pacific. Believing it would be possible by the introduction by him of changes in the conduct of the paper to make it self-supporting, the trustees agreed to his proposition to transfer to him all of the stock except a few shares which were to be held by others from whom was to be constituted a board of directors, elected annually, so as to link the paper with the churches and give it such supervision as would thus be afforded. The trustees who continued with the paper from the year 1896 into the year 1897 were: S. S. Smith, W. M. Searby, Walter Frear, J. L. Barker, J. Kimball, G. H. Collins, W. W. Chase.

Not being able to succeed with the paper as he had expected, Mr. Cruzan, asked to be released from his agreements, turned his stock back into the treasury of the corporation, and the trustees had laid upon them once more the responsibility of securing some one to conduct the paper. The history of several succeeding years was given in outline in The Pacific last week.

From 1898, on for several years, the trustees were: W. M. Searby, Walter Frear, J. L. Barker, G. W. Dickie, George H. Collins, George W. Scott, and W. W. Chase.

For a year or two preceding the earthquake and fire and for a time thereafter, Deacon D. Gilbert Dexter of First Church, San Francisco, was one of our valued directors.

Professor John Wright Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion, a man whose faith in the future of The Pacific has never faltered, became a member of the Board in 1908.

The Board for most of the time since 1912 has been constituted as follows: E. P. Flint, I. H. Morse, W. Frear, J. W. Buckham, C. H. Ham, J. B. Orr, and W. W. Ferrier.

Mr. Flint was president of the board for several years—up to the time that he passed into the other life. Since then Professor C. H. Ham has been president.

We desire that the people in our churches should be made aware of the fact that they are indebted greatly to all these men who have given themselves so devotedly as directors during the last twenty years that The Pacific might go on in its service to Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom on the Pacific Coast. In various ways service invaluable has been rendered. It hasn't been an easy work—the keeping of The Pacific on its serviceable way; and one who has been in the midst of it, all these twenty years just past, takes occasion now to pay this word of tribute to these and all other persons who have been identified with that work.

CHAPLAIN FORCES IN FRANCE TO BE HEADED BY BISHOP BRENT.

Under a new organization of the chaplain forces in France, word of which has just been received, Bishop Charles Henry Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has been appointed by General Pershing as Senior Headquarters Chaplain. According to this plan, the chaplain forces in France will be under the control of a Chaplains' Office at General Headquarters, which will represent the body of chaplains to the Commanding General and his staff. This office will consist of three chaplains appointed by the Commanding General, and known as General Headquarters Chaplains, one of whom is designated as Senior Chaplain. To this post Bishop Brent has been appointed, with the rank of Major. He has two aides, one a Roman Catholic, the other a Protestant. It will be their duty to keep in touch with every sector occupied by the American forces, provide for ministrations wherever needed, and in

many other ways have a general oversight of the commissioned chaplains.

Bishop Brent, one of the best known bishops in the country, was born in Newcastle, Ontario, April 9, 1862, and in December, 1901, was consecrated bishop of the Philippine Islands. For the three years previous to his consecration he served on the editorial staff of The Churchman. He was foremost in the campaign against the opium traffic, having been a member of the Philippine Opium Commission in 1903-4, chief commissioner for the United States, and president of the International Opium Commission in 1908-9, chairman of the United States delegation to the International Opium Conference at The Hague in 1911 and president of the Conference. He is also the author of many well-known religious books, the most recent of which, "Prisoners of Hope," was published in 1915.

Bishop Brent has been in France for a number of months actively interested in the work of the chaplains and of the Y. M. C. A. General Pershing and Bishop Brent have long been on terms of close personal friendship and mutual attachment.

FIVE THINGS THAT "BELONG UNTO PEACE."

An Address by Albert W. Palmer, Central Union Church, Honolulu.

"If thou hadst known in this thy day, even thou the things that belong unto peace!" Jesus said that as he looked upon Jerusalem sitting in queenly majesty upon her hills, beautiful in the light of dawn, with the smoke of the morning sacrifice wafted upward from the altar in the temple. If the splendid city as yet untouched by war and siege, moved him to tears and to such words as these, how much more must the spectacle of the war-torn world of today and even the great battle of Cambrai raging at this moment bring sorrow to his heart after nineteen hundred years!

"The things that belong unto peace!" How the words startle us! What are they that men may know them?

I present for your consideration this morning five things that belong unto peace. And by peace I mean a real and constructive peace—a peace which is positive and not merely negative. Absence of open warfare is not peace. For the last forty years there has been no peace in Europe although there has been but little open warfare. But ever since the Franco-Prussian War Europe has been consciously and subconsciously disturbed by the ever increasing menace of the German war machine and the resulting rivalry of armaments which has at last eventuated in open war.

True peace is no going back to the old status quo, to begin again the old race in military preparation and live again under the old shadow of a threatened war. True peace is positive, constructive, and recognized as permanent like the peace between the states of our United States or between the United States and Canada.

Five things belong to such peace, the only sort of peace that is going to be worth the price of this great war and all its desolation. They are

1. International Law.
2. International Institutions.
3. Religious Liberty and Toleration.
4. Economic Justice and Freedom.
5. Inter-racial Respect and Good Will.

Let us pass them in review.

1. International Law.

Positive and constructive peace exists only so far as it is organized under just and reasonable laws. This is generally recognized to be so in the family and the community. The Book of Judges depicts a period when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." It is no accident that the Book of Judges is also filled with stories of bloodshed, human sacrifice, revenge and anarchy. Even so in this shrinking world where all the nations touch elbows and must come increasingly in closer contact with one another, the formulation and respect for law, international law, is the first requisite of peace.

2. International Institutions.

But practical social experience also teaches us that law is ineffective without the machinery for enforcing it. Every law which is to accomplish anything must have an enforcement clause and exact a penalty for its violation. Otherwise we say it "has no teeth in it." So international law to become effective must have courts for its just interpretation and power through some sort of international police for the enforcement of the decisions of the courts.

We are now fighting to defend these two things.

This present war is, in my opinion, a necessary and holy war because it is being waged in defense of these two things which are so essential to any peace worth having. Up to 1914 we had been making hopeful progress in the direction of the development of international law. We had treaties between nations, which were helping to build up, precedent by precedent, a law of nations somewhat as the common law among individuals has been built up. We had the traditions of respect for non-combatants and the ideals of the chivalry of the sea. Japan had set the world a new and higher standard in the treatment of prisoners of war, and finally the Hague Peace Conferences had made a start toward a codification of international law and in the direction of international instiutions by the establishment of a Court of Arbitration at the Hague. Here was the germ of a World Republic.

Then in July, 1914, Germany and Austria definitely and brutally threw into the scrapheap these small but hopeful beginnings of International Law and Institutions. Germany by announcing that her treaties were only "a scrap of paper", by her violation of the chivalry of the sea with her submarines, by her outrageous treatment of Belgium and French civilan populations, by the cruelties in Poland and her complicity with the Armenian massacres, expressed for international law a contempt and defiance which have set the world aflame. We, here in America, were loth to believe the worst of Germany, but the Kaiser and his government have spared no pains to undeceive us. From the Lusitania to the new seventy-mile gun shooting at random into a great city to kill and terrorize helpless women and children, the German government has pursued its policy of frightfulness until even the most reluctant of us see that Germany has indeed become the supreme law-breaker of all history.

And Austria, who had the opportunity of advancing the cause of international institutions by taking her quarrel with Serbia before the Hague Tribunal Austria scorned any other means of deciding international disputes except the power of armies and thereby did her best to discredit the small beginning of an international court to keep the peace.

The boys who are fighting today in the great battle of Cambrai are fighting to preserve for the human race the respect for such international law as we had attained, and for the precious embryonic international institutions, which if they can live and grow, will one day make militarism vanish from the earth.

People who in civil life fight outlaws, think first of all of the injustice, cruelty, and murder which outlaws do. And so the world today, in arms against Germany thinks largely of the shocking brutality Germany has employed. But deeper and more important is the basic fact that an outlaw defies law and order which are absolutely essential to com-

munity life, and Germany has sinned deeply against the law and order of the world, by her defiance of such international law as the world had and such precious germs of international institutions as had been begun.

When the Allies finally win this war, (and no other issue is possible to contemplate) it will not merely mean that one group of nations has beaten another, but, deeper than that, that international law has been vindicated against wanton outrage, and international institutions will grow by leaps and bounds. The League to Enforce Peace is already organized and in action, the allied army in France is the beginning of an international police force, and some closer federation of the nations of the world in the interests of law and order is the inevitable corollary of this war.

But, important and fundamental as International Law and Institutions are, they alone cannot secure world peace. We need to go to things still more fundamental.

3. Religious Liberty And Toleration.

We might have all the International Law our hearts could wish and have it backed up by courts and a world-police, but unless such laws and courts and police accepted as an axiom the principle of religious liberty and toleration there would be no abiding peace. Let the Catholic church undertake to enforce its theories of religious supremacy, let the Episcopal Church attempt to tyrannize over the nonconformists, let the Congregational Church set itself up as a state church and seek to suppress other religious bodies and let the machinery of courts and laws support such usurpation—what would happen? In spite of all international laws and international institutions whirlwinds of rebellion would make the world and the battles of the Reformation would be fought over again, But, thank God, we have settled this question. The principle of religious liberty and toleration is too deeply rooted for anyone to disturb it. And peace among men is more possible than it could ever be, were not religious toleration guaranteed.

4. Economic Justice And Freedom.

Equally essential to real and abiding peace is economic justice and freedom. But alas, this has not yet become axiomatic, like religious toleration. And until there is some adequate guarantee that men and nations can attain it without resort to force we shall have to face the constant possibility of war.

When you get below the surface, why is Germany at war with all the world? Not because she wanted to practice frightfulness, or outrage the sentiments of the world. These things are only the surface of the stream. The depths of the current are to be found in Germany's conviction, that in no other way could she achieve her "place in the sun." Put yourself for a moment in the German position and see how they have read history. Germany with her 70,000,-000 people, needs opportunity for expansion. She has watched England laying hold on almost all the unoccupied land in the world—obtaining some colonies, like Australia and New Zealand, by peaceful settlement, and some like India and South Africa, by aggressive occupation, and yet others like Canada, by cession from other European nations, as the price of defeat in war. She has seen France reach out into Algeria and Morocco and Sudan, she has seen Italy take Tripoli by force, and Russia divide Persia with England. She has even thought she saw the United States becoming an imperial power by taking the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba from Spain and Panama from Colombia, with the imminent possibility of annexing Mexico as well. But when Germany awakened to her desire for colonies, and broke away from the policy of Bismarck, which centered her ambitions in Europe, she found no unoccupied land to settle. Her dilemma seemed to be: Either go without colonies or take them from somebody else.

The situation is like that of a tramp who encountered a baron walking on his estate. "How did you get this land " asked the tramp. "I inherited it from my father," the baron replied. "And where did the he get it?" "From his ancestors." "And how did they get it." Oh, I don't known", said the baron,, "I suppose they fought for it." All right then," said the tramp, rolling up his sleeves, "I'll fight you for it right now!"

Even so Germany, looking for expansion, saw a number of possibilities. One was to smash Serbia, control Turkey and establish a continuouos empire from Berlin to Bagdad. Another was to capture Belgium, secure the mouth of the Rhine and (a greater prize still) the Congo Free State, by means of which she could establish, in conjunction with the colonies already in her possession, a "Mittle-Africa." A third and more desperate, but most fruitful scheme was to smash the British Empire and gather up as much of the ruins as she could lay hands on. And there are intimations that she looked beyond to the intimidation of the United States and the ultimate acquisition of great parts of South America.

Before we condemn Germany too hastily or light-heartedly (and she must be condemned) let us be big enough and fair enough to ask this question: "Who taught her this kind of world politics?" In answering that question we must all make confession of sin. All the great imperialistic nations have a share in the responsibility for this world calamity. Germany is only carrying to its logical fullness, with characteristic efficiency and terrible ruthlessness, a principle which has been too often in the past the accepted policy of the nations. The cynical ruthlessness with which Germany assaulted Belgium horrifies and ought to horrify us all. But after all, what European nation, has, for example, a clean record in its dealings with the weak and helpless peoples of Africa? No, from the time of the Assyrians down to date, great empires have been built up by the conquest and disregard of the rights or wishes of "little peoples." Germany is simply putting into practice with characteristic thoroughness what she has read in history.

This does not mean Germany is right. In fact she was terribly and blindly wrong, for she read only the past and had no vision or faith for a better way in the future. As a matter of fact the conscience of humanity has been educated, largely by socialism, but by other agencies also, to a great aversion to conquest and forceful annexation. England had no desire for another Boer War. On the other hand with splendid generosity she made South Africa practically independent and the Boers were as free after the war as they had been before. The United States set Cuba free and only retained the Philippines temporarily because there seemed to be nothing else that could be done with them for their own best good. She at once set to work to train them by schools and civil institutions for freedom and self-government as soon as the capacity for that could be developed. Public sentiment refused to acquiesce in any dismemberment of China. Just as Napoleon went down before an awakened consciousness of nationality in Spain, in England, in Russia and in Prussia, so William II must go down at last before the awakened consciousness of internationalism in the world.

Morever Germany was blind to how nearly she had come to winning the world by peaceful means, as Mr. Wells has pointed out in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Her ships were on the seven seas, her goods were everywhere, her universities were looked to for light and learning, her cities were the admiration of the world. Had she been content to win by appeal to right reason there is no just privilege in the fellowship of nations which could have been withheld from her. Now, she has set back her clock a thou-

sand years. When can the world forget her brutality and her cynical disregard of anything but military power?

The deeper question which this war reveals is the necessity of devising some way in which every nation, and people shall be guaranteed economic justice and opportunity in the world without plunging the world into war to acquire a "place in the sun."

This war might end in simply a return to the "status quo," in which case humanity would have to look forward to another outbreak by the next nation that felt itself cramped in its boundaries. The great master question which challenges the human race today is something like this: Are we big enough, wise enough, far-sighted enough to arrange for the adequate expansion and freedom for development of those nations which by increasing population and industrial development overflow their boundaries? International law and world courts will fail if they are used simply to crystalize and make unchangeable the present situation. Some way must be devised by which national boundaries and tariff walls shall not be so high as to imperil the equilibrium of humanity. How shall this come? Freedom of the seas, freedom of certain straits and rivers, a larger freedom of trade, the merging of the nations into a world federation by which national boundaries might become less and less emphasized even as state boundaries grow dimmer and fainter within the United States—these might save us from another war.

5. Inter-Racial Respect And Good-Will.

The last point leads up to a fifth essential of world peace which is further in the background, but which cannot be left out of the picture. Just as world courts and international law, if they are to be permanently effective, must guarantee religious tolerance and provide for economic justice and freedom so they must also establish the equal dignity and right to exact justice and fair play of all races of men. The western world has not always observed "the things that belong unto peace" in its treatment of the Oriental, for example. Mr. K. K. Kawakami in his recent book "Japan and World Politics" calls attention to a sign on a foreign park in Shanghai "Dogs and Chinese not admitted." He tells how he himself came to America from Japan at the age of twenty-five thrilled with visions of social betterment. The internationalism of socialism and the labor movement had appealed to him as he read of them in Japan. But he was shocked to find on arrival in America that these things were generally limited in their practical application to the white man's world and involved no burden of responsibility for condition among Oriental peoples. They stopped abruptly at the racial boundaries.

Here in Hawaii we have an opportunity to do a signficant and helpful bit of service in the promotion of interracial good will. This has always been a land of racial friendliness. American and Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese, Filipino, Korean, Porto Rican and Hawaiian are all living together here in mutual respect and good will. Hawaii has been described as "an ethnological museum and a sociological laboratory." We are only a little group of people in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, but that location is profoundly significant and the racial composition of our little company is yet more signficant. If we can demonstrate the possibility of happy fellowship and human brotherhood between the races who live around this ocean we shall have done no small part in helping humanity to a knowledge of "the things that belong unto peace."

War presents to human kind the supreme challenge. Must we continue to descend from time to time, to the unspeakable and loathsome barbarism of war or can humanity find a better way? We have pretty well established the idea of religious tolerance. It is altogether probable that this present war, if the Allies are victorious, will give us at least a good beginning of international law and international organization. Here then are the two tremendous questions that remain: Is the human race big enough to go forward to economic justice and freedom and to inter-racial respect and good will?

GIPSY SMITH'S STORY OF THE Y. M. C. A. WORK IN THE WAR ZONE.

Gipsy Smith is now in the United States after two years spent in Y. M. C. A. work with the British troops in the war area in France and Flanders. In a recent address in New York City he said in part:

We have five hundred centers of British Y. M. C. A. work in the war zone on the Western front. In the home camps we have 1,500 huts and then we have them on all our far-flung battle lines. Jerusalem hadn't been captured three days before we got a Y. M. C. A. hut in it. And we will soon have one in Jericho. For you know, where the army goes, the Red Triangle follows, for the British believe in it and the French believe in it. They have watched the work of the Y. M. C. A. for three years and they believe Y. M. C. A. is helping to keep the spirit of the men up. Do you know, I have heard great generals say: "The Y. M. C. A. has saved the situation again and again."

And what has happened to us will happen to your boys. You can only have the home feeling if you have Christian men and women there. Many of the women working for the Y. M. C. A. are paying their own expenses. We provide love and personality and sympathy and you cannot pay people for that. It comes from the heart that feels the strengthening force of the Lord Jesus.

The Y. M. C. A. is a beautiful institution. The Y. M. C. A. is the child of the church of God. And don't you folks get jealous of it because the sun never gets jealous of the flowers. Just what the sun does for the flowers, the church of God is doing in the world today. So I got out there with the boys and I wish you could see what we do out there in those huts. All sorts of things. There are four sides and and a top and a floor to the hut and I have slept in these huts at times when it was necessary for me to get up in the middle of the night and feel around for a dry spot for my bed. At one end of the hut we have a counter where we serve tea and coffee, malted milk and soft drinks. Two million cups of tea per week are poured for the British army.

And the soldiers ought to get tea and sugar whether you have any or not. The day may come when you may have to sacrifice and you ought to do it gladly, without a grudge. We've had to do it, you know; we're on rations. Why, the British people are getting three-quarters of a pound of meat per person and four ounces of fat per week, and two-sevenths of an ounce of sugar per meal. And people are bearing up beneath it because they are helping the boys. They are standing behind the boys; and the mothers and the children and the old people are doing their it toward sacrifice to save the boys. You have got to do it, for the man who talks about downing tools in America is a traitor to humanity.

We serve them with chocolate (for the boys love chocolate, matches (they are very scarce), bachelor buttons, writing paper, envelopes, etc. We are spending on the army and navy for free note paper from $300,000 to $400,000 a year. Twenty-five million pieces of stationery are distributed monthly. And whether it be serving the boys or preaching, both jobs of work are one and I can help them one way as well as the other.

I was talking to some boys in a convalescent hut one night where we had an attendance of 1,000 boys a night.

Every one of them had been mangled on the Somme. There were all sorts of boys: Australians, Canadians, Irish, Welsh and Scotch. I was talking to these boys and in the middle of my talk I stopped and said: "Boys"—for there is nothing conventional about me; I was born in the woods—and so I stopped in the middle of my talk and said: "Boys, have you written home this week?" They sat up and took notice. It's the surprise question that gets over. And I said: "The boys who have written home this week stand up, and those who haven't, you dare to stand up!" After a few had stood I said: "I'll C. B. (meaning confine to barracks) anyone who doesn't write home before the night is over." And you know I was kept busy for one solid hour handing out letter paper and envelopes. One Sunday afternoon I distributed 850 sheets of letter paper. It was a beautiful piece of work for I knew that we were providing the boys with the wherewithal to keep them in touch with home and that's religion.

As I was giving out this paper and envelopes the leader of the hut came to me and said, "Gipsy there is a man behind my counter who wants to see you." I went over and found a fine fellow who was crying like a baby. He threw a letter down on the table and asked me to read it. It was to his mother and was as follows:

"My dear Mother: It is seven years since I wrote you last. I did my best to break your heart. I have turned your hair gray. I have gone the pace, but I have got to the end of that journey. Yesterday and today I have heard Gipsy Smith and I have given my heart to God. I don't ask you to forgive me for I don't deserve your forgiveness, but give me time and I will prove it. Your boy still, Jack."

"Will that do?" he asked. And I answered. "It is splendid; it is magnificent. But there is room for a postscript—suppose you let me write it." "Yes, go on, she'll believe you." So I wrote: "Mother, Jack's all right. You believe him. God has accepted him." And I signed my name in a big hand that day and believe me for once I was proud of my name.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing all this for the boys and your Christian men and women who are going out will do the same thing for your boys, for remember it will need all the force of the Allies to defeat the Hun and to bring about the victory. Don't forget that the Americans and British are one in this business. There must be no secession and no holding back and no misunderstanding and no want of faith in one another ad no want of sympathy for one another, that God may triumph and wrong be defeated.

The spirit of the boys is magnificent. There is no grouching with them. The greatest confidence is up in the front line trenches. I have been through four gas attacks. I have been under shell fire for a month at a time. I have been hungry and I have been frozen and I have earned the right to speak to you people because I have been there. I have been with the boys for two years and I am going back to them. I am only here on international duty, because of a royal command, and I am going back to the boys. If my way to heaven lies through the trenches in France or Flanders, it will be a glorious way. I have preached up in the fiery trench behind the Lewis gun. If you are going to put strength and courage into the hearts of the boys, you have to let them know about it.

I was in a railway train one day, riding with a Canadian fellow who was suffering from shock. He had worked his way into the Royal Flying Corps and had been brought down twice. The last time he fell 7,000 feet. "And," he said, "I was only seventy yards from the Germans in No Man's Land when I fell." Both times his observer had been killed. "When I regained consciousness the last time I crawled over to where my observer had fallen and found him dying. Together we lay in a shell hole for ten minutes, then he died. Then, I lay in that shell hole with that dead body for seventeen hours and those seventeen hours were like seventeen years. At four o'clock th next morning I heard voices saying: 'Are you there ' I just remembered saying 'Yes, I am here,' and then for weeks I knew no more." "And surely you won't go back," I said. "Just as soon as I can get a machine,' he answered.

Another fellow tried to save his leg, but it was found necessary to take it off, in order to save his life. After the operation, when he was sort of semi-conscious, he cried out, "Nurse, Nurse, Nurse!" She went over to him and said, "All right, Jack, I'm here." And he asked, "Nurse, is it off?" "Yes, Jack, it's off." "Was the operation successful?" "Yes, it is very successful." "Thank God, an old corn has gone with that leg that troubled me for months."

That is the spirit of the boys. Covered with mud and blood, you will hear them singing, "What's the Use of Worrying."

SINN FEIN—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT AIMS TO DO.

The best statement which we have seen concerning Sinn Fein, what it is, and what it aims to accomplish, was written by Denis A. McCarthy, editor of the Catholic Journal of Education. We quote from it as follows:

"Wherever you go nowadays you hear the sentiment applauded that each nationality should determine its own allegiance. I, here in Boston, have heard that sentiment applauded again and again when put forward on the part of Serbia, Belgium, Roumania, Bohemia and Poland. I have heard and seen some of our visiting Englishmen applaud this sentiment. The idea, therefore, seems to be firmly establishing itself that the war should not cease until national self-determination is accepted by all the powers of the world. Little nations, just because they are little, must not be oppressed, must not have their peculiar national aspirations, their legitimate desires for national development thwarted by the larger nations. That seems to be settled as one of the aims of the war.

"But why should stress be laid on the need for national self-development of the little nations just mentioned, and no word be said about the selfsame demands made by Ireland? Is Ireland satisfied with her present position? Surely not. The strongest thing in Ireland today is the movement of protest known as Sinn Fein (pronounced 'Shinfane'). The old movement known as the constitutional home rule agitation has lost its power and prestige. It no longer represents, as it did represent, the soul of Ireland. It is as dead as a doornail.

"In saying this let me not be misunderstood as asserting that the home rule movement has been utterly useless. Far from it. The home rule movement and its by-products did much for the amelioration of unjust conditions in Ireland. If no war had come, doubtless it would have attained its object, despite the opposition of the Orangemen.

"But the war has changed the face of the earth. The war has turned the world upside down. Political questions that seemed as settled as the succession of day and night have suddenly become unsettled. National aspirations that seemed utterly crushed have arisen to trouble the thoughts of those who had got into the habit of believing themselves the masters. Halting half-measures have suddenly been revealed in the lurid light of war to be very halting indeed. Every nationality is looking to grasp out of the melting pot of the war its own gift of freedom. Peaceful agitation of national and racial differences has lost its vogue. The whole world is on a war basis.

"The mind of the world is affected by the psychology of

war. The face of all the nations seems to be set against compromise. The idea prevails that we must settle all of the world's national troubles now, and settle them finally. The old chronic questions that bothered the peace of the world, the old running sores that threatened the health of the world must no longer be allowed to continue. This is the impression one receives from the doings and sayings of people all over the earth, as reported in the news of the day, and as expressed in books and magazine articles.

"Very well. But why should Ireland's question be excluded? Is not a satisfactory and permanent solution of her problem just as important to the peace of the world as a settlement of the problems of Poland or of Roumania, or of any other of the small nations to save which we are now battling? Has not this question of Ireland's discontent with her political masters been the cause of much ill-feeling between America and England in the past, and will it not continue to keep these two great nations apart in the future if it is not settled?

"Why, then, should there be such a clamor about the other little nations and such a complete silence about Ireland?

"Perhaps the idea is that we do not want to embarrass our British friends by a discussion of a question which is to them a 'purely domestic' question. But is it really so? In the view of what is happening all over the world, are there any 'domestic questions' today? Certainly any question which affects the final settlement of the war is not a domestic question. If for the good of the allies our Governmen enters into our homes and tells us what we are to eat and what to drink and wherewith we are to be clothed, in order that supplies to them be not diminished, surely such a big question as the freedom of a nation is not a purely domestic question that must not be considered.

"It is quite amusing to one who knows a little about the subject to hear the comments that are made on the Irish-British situation by people here in Boston, whose education would seem to make them competent to speak with intelligence on almost any matter under the sun. Thomas Carlyle once said: 'Ireland is a rat in the path of an elephant. What is the elephant to do? Crush it, by God, crush it.' Well, the spirit of that saying seems to have got into the heads of many of the people here in Boston who are ready to weep at the wrong of other small nations.

"Sinn Fein, whose name they mispronounce and whose aims and philosophy they misunderstand, is to them the abomination of desolation. They affect to believe that suddenly, without any cause whatever, a group of fanatics have sprung up in Ireland who, for German gold, are troubling the peace of the British Empire and jeopardizing the success of the war for human freedom. They have put the Sinn Feiners in the same class as the Copperheads of our Civil War.

"Of course, nothing could be more grotesquely false than this. As I have tried to set forth in these columns before, the Sinn Feiners are simply people imbued with the idea that their first duty is to their own country. The men and women who, in America, cry 'America first' are American Sinn Feiners. Those in England who boast of their bulldog breed and sing 'Britannia Rules the Waves' are British Sinn Feiners. 'Sin Fein,' says S. Lesile, 'is simply the Gaelic for 'ourselves,' which, after all, is the working motto of every government and corporation in the modern ring.'

"'Again,' Mrs. Leslie says: 'Sinn Fein is definitely the policy of all small nationalities. . . . Poland has practiced Sinn Fein, as well as it has been able, ever since the partitions. Belgium is the Sinn Fein in the German ointment. Greek Sinn Fein enlisted Byron and brought about the battle of Navarino. Italian Sinn Fein was incarnate in Garabaldi and thrust Austria out of Venice. The British have always applauded and fostered continental varieties of Sinn Fein.'

"Sin Fein is not pro-German, but pro-Irish. It is not primarily even anti-British, but pro-Irish. It has no criticisms of British power only in so far as that power prevents Ireland from the full development of its national genius and the determination of its own allegiance.

"The Sinn Feiners hope that out of this war will come for Ireland a recognition of her right to her own government even as the other small and dissatisfied nations of the earth will have their claims recognized and their wrongs righted."

SAMMY AND RELIGION.

By An American Y. M. C. A. Secretary In England.

"Tom, have you got a little time to talk?" A fine young Sammy reached over the counter seeming half ashamed that he should ask for a moment of what he knew to be precious time. "Sure, old man, come in, always time to talk." Gambling was his weakness and he had come to get a line on some power that would pull him through pay day. Before he went, we were definitely tied up to a programme for his assistance. First, I was to hold his money for him, doling it out as he needed it. Second, we were united in a simple prayer that God should make of him a man big enough for his particular job. For days afterwards, every time our eyes met or our hands clasped, there was that united prayer, and when I saw him last he was well on the way towards breaking the bondage which his habit had formed. And I felt a man was saved.

A splendid fellow gripped my hand a few evenings ago, as I came down from the platform after our evening prayer, and said: "There was a time when I was doing the same work which you are now doing. I would give both my arms to be right with God again." What a chance! With my arms around his neck and a crowd of men on every side, we straightened out some of the kinks in his life, and in a real man's way he put himself back in his old place. The grip of his hand, the tears on his cheek, told the story of a man born again.

Passing out stationery at the window, Charlie P. asked if he might talk with me in the office. Inside, with the door closed, he looked straight into my eyes and said: "I am leaving for the trenches in the morning. I don't want to leave this place until I know that I am a Christian." When sometime later that dear fellow in the most trustful way, gave himself in a penitent but thankful prayer to the Christian life, there was no question as to whether or not he knew that he was a Christian.

These are not isolated cases but samples of what are coming daily to secretaries in every hut where men are willing to stand out as guide-posts to Jesus Christ. We have no need of studying the means of recognizing points of contact. If you place your finger on an insignificant electric wire that carries only enough amperage to tickle your skin, you may question whether or not there was a point of contact, but if you step on a third rail you know something has hit you.

Meeting these men daily who have come to a realization of their need of God as they never before have realized it, is like stepping on the third rail, there is no question regarding contact. Men in this great new army are anxious to talk religion. They want no chalk and water diet, but the genuine life experience of men who have found and tried out something which they themselves do not possess.

In more than seven months among United States troops of almost every class, I think I have found but one man

who was really afraid he was going to be killed. They realize, however, that they are coming face to face with a possibility that before has been only most remote. They are talking not of a religion to save them from hell, but one that will fit them to face the biggest job ever put up to men, and make them ready for the great adventure if it comes to them. I think the average American soldier would be perfectly willing to adopt the following reconstruction of his childhood prayer:

"Now I stand me up to fight,
I pray Thee, Lord, I do it right,
If I must die while in the trench
I pray Thee, Lord, I may not flinch."

I have been twenty years among men in the railroad shops, mines, and various places. I have known many times the necessity of carefully planning my approach as a shrewd salesman would plan his approach to a prospect, but here I spend no time in planning approach. I find my time taken up meeting the rush that is coming to every man who stands up among our splendid soldier boys and lets it be known that he is willing to help them to Christ. The soldier knows when he comes to a live Y. M. C. A. secretary that he is going to get a man's dose of religion, and he enjoys swallowing it; therefore he comes. Do not ask if men in the army will let you talk if they find out you are the talking kind and have any religion to talk about.

ADDRESSES IN CALIFORNIA ON THE MORAL AIMS OF THE WAR.

A nationwide campaign of education through the churches to build up the morals of the country in the support of the war for democracy, the freedom of humanity and the establishment of a League of nations is being conducted by the National Committee on the Moral Aims of the War, of which Hamilton Holt, editor of "The Independent," is chairman, in conjunction with the Speakers' Division of the Committee on Public Information of the Federal Government.

The speakers for the campaign in California are Dr. Geo. W. Nasmyth of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Sidney L. Gulick of New York City.

Dr. Nasmyth is associated with the Federal Fuel Administration as Secretary to Dr. Garfield, Fuel Administrator. He is also Secretary of the World Court League and Secretary of the Association of Comsopolitan Clubs of the World. He organized the two largest international student conferences ever held, and for many years has been connected with international movements. Dr. Nasmyth studied in several European Universities, including four in Germany. He has traveled extensively in all the warring countries. He is the author of a number of books, one of his latest being, "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory." He is a prominent lecturer and public speaker.

Dr. Gulick is the well-known missionary from Japan. For twenty-five years he was teacher in the leading universities of Japan, including the Imperial University of Tokio. For the past three years Dr. Gulick has been in the United States helping to bring a better feeling between the United States and Japan. He is Secretary of the Commission on Relations with Japan of the Federal Council of Churches; also of the Federal Council's Commission on International Justice and Goodwill; also of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. Dr. Gulick is the author of scores of books both in Japanese and English, his latest just issued being, "American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship." Dr. Gulick has spoken before hundreds of audiences in the United States, always with great acceptability.

The plan of campaign is to hold conferences, primarily for ministers, in each of the cities given below, and a mass meeting in the evening of the same day on which the conference is held. Every minister in California is urged to co-operate in this campaign and to attend the conferences and mass meeting.

Riverside—Monday, May 13th.
Long Beach—Tuesday, May 14th.
San Diego—Wednesday, May 15th.
Los Angeles—Thursday, May 16th.
Los Angeles—Thursday, May 16th.
Fresno—Friday, May 17th.
San Jose—Monday, May 20th.
San Francisco—Tuesday, May 21st.
Berkeley—Wednesday, May 22d.
Oakland—Thursday, May 23d.
Palo Alto—Friday, May 24th.
Stockton—Monday, May 27th.
Chico—Tuesday, May 28th.
Sacramento—Tuesday, May 28th.
Reno, Nevada—Thursday, May 30th.

CHINESE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

By Mrs. E. M. Findlay.

It is beautiful to watch a child of God grow in grace from day to day, but even more beautiful to see a society of Chinese women develop into an interested and aggressive missionary band; the lives of the Christians deepened spiritually, and those not allied under the banner of the cross manifesting great interest in the reading and expounding of God's word and asking many questions regarding its teachings. Add to this the personal gifts of money and the payment of dues which go to the support of a work in South China, and you have a glimpse of the Union Chinese Win One Society of Los Angeles.

It has been the privilege of the writer to organize this society and through its monthly meetings watch its development and note as many as forty present at some of its gatherings.

We celebrated a "Mother's Day" at one of our meetings. Each woman was presented with a pink carnation and asked to wear it "if she loved her mother." And what Chinese was ever found lacking in this virtue? It was a picturesque scene; their bright faces, beautifully sleek coiffures, the native costume of black and blue, all brightened by the delicate pink blossoms. They listened with keen interest to the recently returned missionary from their home villages, who talked to them in their native tongue, telling of the progress or hindrances in the work there. It has been our great privilege to meet many of these servants of God who are never too weary to favor us with a visit. Through this medium the hearts of the women are stirred to do and give, so that for six years this little group of Chinese women in Los Angeles has supported, first, a Bible woman,, and now, at present writing, a Christian Chinese teacher in a girls' school in Chuck Hom, South China. This school was opened by an American missionary, who, after consecrating all her personal property, went out independent of church or Board, called of God, looking entirely to Him for support. As a result of her earnest endeavor, a mission has been established in a village near a large market, the only mission house for many miles. A fine school for boys, well patronized, with native pastor and Bible workers, is the result and reward of her faith.

Then came the girls asking for a department, and there was only room for six. Something must be done. The native Christians gave to the limit out of their poverty, but much remained to be raised before the necessary addition could be built or a teacher engaged. At last this courageous misisonary decided to come to her friends in "Gold Mountain," as the Chinese speak of California. She came and laid her need before the society. She told of the persecctions and terrible opposition encountered on all sides; also a thrilling experience with a band of outlaws who infest that part of the country.

Undaunted she continued to solicit funds for the girls' school. They came begging to be taught the same as their brothers, notwithstanding the views held by parents and relatives that "the aperture of a girl's heart will not open," "they are solid as dates," "too stupid to learn," etc. One girl walked ten miles over a rough, rocky road, only to be refused admission because of inadequate accommodations and no means of supporting a teacher.

But God answered her prayers in the immediate response of the Chinese Win One Society, who assumed the entire support of a teacher whose salary is $135.00 (Chinese money) per year, and a contribution toward the erection of an addition which accommodates the present enrollment of sixty-five girls—a wonderful growth in ten years. The obligation undertaken seems comparatively small, but is not so considering our membership, and involves much sacrifice on the part of some. The reports received from time to time are most encouraging, and serve to keep us in close touch with the progress made in the school and also in the homes from which these girls come. It is wonderful what the gospel truly taught accomplishes.

Besides the salary remitted regularly, on or before time, useful Christmas gifts have been sent; also an extra five dollars for the missionary for her own personal use, for well do we know there is little that these faithful servants of Jesus Christ keep for themselves.

A beautiful example in Christian unity is this Win One Society. Denominational lines are obliterated, blending all into a perfect whole. A very efficient President is our Methodist sister, while her assistant as Vice-President is a good Congregationalist, the Secretary-Treasurer representing the Presbyterian Church.

From the modest beginning of seven members who met twice a month for prayer, has grown this Society, which has increased its membership fourfold.

Our aim is to enlist the interest of every Chinese woman in the city, by having lectures from eminent lady physicians, two of whom have given us splendid addresses on current topics and heart-to-heart talks on hygiene and subjects of special interest to mothers in the care of their children. The interest aroused has proven the educational venture a success. Who shall measure the influence of this obscure band of Christian Chinese women? It is like the ripples caused by the pebble which is tossed into the still water, the influence widens until it reaches the shore line of far-away China, the home of our sisters.

SNARES.

It's not the trees that block the trail;
It's not the ash or pine;
For if you fall, or if you fail,
It was some pesky vine
That tripped you up, that threw you down,
That caught you unawares—
The big things you can walk aroun',
But watch the way for snares!

—Douglas Mallock.

A NINETY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION POEM.

On Monday, April 22, the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity celebrated the 98th anniversary of the Rev. Joseph Rowell. Lunch was served and around-the-table speeches were made, by which we were once more made aware of the remarkable service which Chaplain Rowell rendered for more than half a century; and all our hearts were made to joy and rejoice in that San Francisco had had the rich blessings of his consecrated life for so long a time.

The following poem, written by Professor Lovejoy, was read by him on that anniversary occasion.

JOSEPH ROWELL.

April 22, 1820.

We meet together, brothers true,
To give our tribute where 'tis due.
A life well spent through many years
A lasting monument uprears.

How poor our rhymes, how weak our verse,
The worth of such a life to rehearse—
But lives are linked—below, above,
And we best live in those we love.

Think what it means—almost five-score,
With one sole purpose to the fore—
To teach the faith that saves outright,
God's gift and grace in Sin's despite!

Straight the gate and narrow the way—
This held he fast through life's long day.
He knew it in his inmost soul,
The word of Christ that maketh whole.

What other fame could he desire,
True gospel-preacher—none is higher!
If others differed in the phrase
Not his to damn them with dispraise:

No bitterness to mar his speech;
No narrowness his faith to impeach;
In brother-love he honored all
In fellowship of gospel thrall.

Think, too, what quarrels marked the age,
Disputes we find in Walker's page;
From all he held himself aloof
To make his ministry full-proof.

His chosen work in this was shown
That sailor-men be called his own.
From every port of alien speech ,
Them one Home-port, one speech to teach.

Our State the teacher he best knew;
Through all its turmoil wisdom grew.
What other commonwealth can show
A school like this, as God's thoughts grow!

The rush for gold, the mining-craze;
Stage-coach plunder, the social maze;
The pioneers, the Bear-flag war:—
Of these his memory held full store!

A vital link with other days—
We own the claim this on us lays;
To make them better—this we call
To prophet-ears, while kingdoms fall.

—W. W. Lovejoy.

A CHALLENGE.

The publishers of Rev. E. A. King's little book on the sex question for soldiers and sailors, "Clean and Strong," have recently received a remarkable letter from an officer of one of the big navy yards challenging them to furnish one thou-

sand copies for a man-of-war crew. The letter in part is as follows:—

"The copies which you sent are all distributed, and they want more. One of the big battleships in the yard now wants to be supplied. There are 1,000 men waiting. What can you do?"

The United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass., cannot send the 1,000 books as a gift. They have, however, provided a discount of 50 per cent and the thousand volumes can be sent to the ship for only $250.00. Here is a chance for churches, clubs or societies or individuals to do a good piece of war-work by sending contributions for this purpose. Gifts may be sent directly to Boston or to Rev. E. A. King, San Jose, California, who will see that they are immediately forwarded. This is too great an opportunity to be lost, but the U. S. C. E. can not meet it alone.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Northern California Congregational Conference will meet in annual session in Berkeley next week.

On Monday, May 6, a luncheon will be served at 12:15 in First Church, San Francisco, after which Secretary Patton of the American Board will consider some of the weighty problems which the Board is facing.

At a recent communion service in Central Union Church, Honolulu, 21 persons were welcomed into fellowship, ten uniting on confession of faith. At the February communion service ten persons were welcomed, two uniting on confession.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Conference will convene in annual session at 2 o'clock on Monday, May 13, in First Church, Pasadena.

At 2:45 there will be addresses on "Religious Education and Human Welfare." The Rev. Holland F. Burr will speak on "Training in Worship"; the Rev. Edwin A. Waldo, on "Training in Doing"; Miss Helen Babson, on "Authoritative Teaching."

At 4:30 there will be a Symposium on Young People's Work.

In the evening the Rev. Horace Porter, now Mayor of Riverside, will give the annual sermon.

Tuesday morning under "A Commonwealth in the Making," the work in the Southern California field in general will be presented.

Tuesday afternoon under the caption of "The Church in War Times," the program announces addresses by the Rev. Roy H. Campbell of the Y. M. C. A. Army Camp, and Mr. Sprunger, State Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

Discussion will follow these addresses.

At 6 o'clock the annual banquet of the Southern California Congregational Club will be held.

In the evening Secretaries Scudder and Patton will give addresses.

Wednesday forenoon Secretary Wilcoff will speak on "Notes of Rejoicing in Church Building"; Secretary Rice of the Ministerial Relief Society on "The Pilgrim Tercentenary Fund"; Secretary Kelsey on "The Every Member Drive."

The closing address will be in the afternoon, by Dr. Patton of First Church, Los Angeles, on "The Third Line of Defense."

Reputation is what others give us; character is what we give ourselves.

UPPER BAY ASSOCIATION.

The most important and inspirational of the meetings of the Upper Bay Association was held this past week in Martinez. The attendance was large, practically every church being represented. Rev. Benjamin Gould of Rio Vista, was elected Moderator, and C. C. Champlin, of Pittsburgh, Scribe. Most unwillingly the Association accepted the resignation of the Registrar, the Rev. E. O. Chapel of Crockett. Strong resolutions were adopted thanking Mr. Chapell for his efficient service the past seven years. Geo. E. Atkinson of Martinez was finally elected Registrar. Pittsburgh was chosen as the next place of meeting. Ringing resolutions were adopted favoring the national prohibition admentment and urging the California legislature at their next session to ratify the same. Also resolutions opposing the overchurching of communities especially during war times when the conservation of men and money is so important.

The Association was thrilled when it was announced that the Rev. Mr. Atkins, pastor at Benicia, finding it impossible to enter the service as Chaplain, had decided to enlist and would soon offer his services to the United States.

Rev. E. J. Singer "accidently" came to church and very kindly and most acceptably filled a vacancy in the programe.

One of the meals was served by the pastor's Sunday School Class of young ladies, and aroused much favorable comment.

One reason of course why this meeting was the best was because we had with us three of our National Representatives—Rev. Drs. W. W. Scudder, C. H. Patton and Miss Miriam Woodbury. These friends with their great messages brought us a tremendous uplift, widened our horizon, clarified our vision and deepened our determination to be more efficient in the Master's work. Our Association, and indeed all our California Associations, are indeed to be congratulated in this treat of having our "Wise Men of the East" with us. We look forward to having them at the State Conference.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE CHURCH.

At the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday the discussion on "The Outlook for the Church" which was begun two weeks ago will be continued. Professor Tolson, who is to lead, has furnished the following outline for the second consideration:

1. Is the Church in danger of becoming a negligible factor in civilization as was the case too largely in the 18th Century and in the early 19th? If not
2. What are the forces and conditions competing with the Church and otherwise hindering a great forward movement?
3. What can be done to make the Church a vital force in the life of to-day and in the immediate future.

MARTINEZ.

The pastor has just returned from a two weeks' visit to the camps and forts of the South. He has already spoken five times of his trip and impressions and is scheduled for other addresses along the same line. From Mare Island to San Diego he has now visited ten of our camps and forts, including two Division Cantonments, staying from a day to a week in each place.

Martinez Church recently had the pleasure of entertaining the Upper Bay Association, and the memory of that meeting and the addresses of the visiting team from our National Societies, will linger many a day.

SAN JACINTO.

The Cong'l Church of San Jacinto has been saddened by the recent death of one of its charter members, Mrs. Mercy M. Mead. She was always interested in Christian work and enjoyed the fellowship of State Conferences and missionary gatherings. She and her husband who preceded her but three years had both passed the age of 95, each one being the last representative of their large families. A strange coincidence of her last illness was the destruction of the church by the terrible earthquake of Sunday P. M. Apr. 21st.

Coming as a heavy blow to the small membership, it will be impossible for them to rebuild without outside aid.

The Episcopalians have offered the use of their church, which will be gratefully accepted while things are being adjusted.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The city of Portland, as well as the First Congregational Church, sustained a great loss last Friday, April 26th, by the death of Mr. Frederick Eggert. He was born at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 30, 1843. In early childhood his parents removed to the vicinity of Freeport, Ill., and in 1856 to Lawrence, Kansas, the first "free-state" town in that State. Up to the age of seventeen he had the average experience of the youth of that day in obtaining an education, opportunity to that end being very limited. In addition to that he was greatly handicapped in the race for life when three years old by a severe attack of cerebro-meningitis, a most baffling disease even in the present day when the medical practice is far more efficient than it was seventy years ago. The effect of this malady was to leave him a physical wreck to a considerable degree. But with a bright mind and a determined will he determined upon a course of action, and with that degree of resolution that has characterized his long and useful life, he sought employment in a Lawrence general merchandise store at the age above mentioned, and by diligence and unfailing courtesy made many friends. He was thus employed on August 21, 1863, when Lawrence was practically effaced from the map by the fierce Confederate raiders under the famous Quantrell. In November, 1865, Mr. Eggert went into the drygoods business for himself, and followed it until Feb. 22, 1876, when he left for Oregon, and a few weeks later settled in Albany, where he found employment with Mr. Samuel E. Young, the leading drygoods merchant of that place, for six and a half years.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Eggert (Miss Elizabeth Avery, to whom he was married in Lawrence, Kansas, Sept. 1, 1873), united with the Congregational Church and became important factors in its work, although prior to coming to Oregon both had been members of the Methodist Church.

On November 11, 1882, Mr Eggert formed a co-partnership with Mr. Young under the name of "Eggert, Young & Co." and came to Portland and engaged in the boot and shoe business, having bought the oldest established store in that line of merchandise. In 1885 he acquired the entire business and later formed other partnership connections in Tacoma and Seattle. In all the varied relations he has borne in connection with business matters in the Pacific Northwest, his entire career can be summed up in a single phrase, "He was the soul of integrity."

Mr. and Mrs Eggert united by letter with the First Church in this city soon after the business connection above alluded to was formed, and from that time up to the present they have been among the most liberal contributors, not only to the financial support of this church but to many other churches of the Pilgrim faith throughout the State.

I cannot forbear quoting a few sentences from a letter by Mrs. Cephas F. Clapp, wife of Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, so well known throughout Oregon and Washington. She says:

"Mr. Eggert has ever been to me one of the finest examples of the triumph of spirit over the material. Frail of body, so often suffering, he has lived a long life, faced the odds with the utmost fortitude and cheerfulness, never complained, done a man's job, and more, and been a helper to a multitude of good causes and of people. How small it makes some of us feel. To me he has always been such a companionable friend,—one with whom it was a delight to talk. His sense of humor, his keenness, his judgment or people and things always carried me with him, and I have always enjoyed even the shortest visits."

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The regular weekly prayer-meeting for the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific was held Wednesday morning, April 24th. The topic for consideration was the conclusion of the chapter on "The Master's Self-Restraint" in the "Manhood of the Master," and was a special study of the temptation of Jesus. The point was emphasized that each of the three temptations was concerned with the possible misuse of power, and from this was drawn the thought that it is to powerful natures that the greatest temptations come, and that it is in using our powers, not in submitting to limitations that the severest tests come. The fact that Christ overcame so completely should not blind us to the reality or the intensity of the struggle.

Special prayers were offered for our absent officers, and for Mrs. Browne of our Advisory Board, who is in the hospital as the result of an automobile accident. We are very thankful to be able to add that she is recovering remarkably well.

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Mrs. Evans has returned from her Southern trip which was crowded with various experiences of which she will give a report at the meeting May first.

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The Persia Maru experienced a rough passage to Honolulu, according to word received from Miss Denton. So far the voyage to Japan had not been conducive to enjoyment for herself or Miss MacClintock.

* * * * *

Latest tidings from Miss Benton come from Chicago, where the pleasure and profit of a visit to the headquarters of the W. B. M. I. were to be enjoyed.

* * * * *

A welcomed opportunity of meeting Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton, wife of Secretary Patton of the American Board, was extended to the directors and secretaries of the W. B. M. P. through the hospitality of Mrs Henry H. Kelsey. A delightful afternoon of sociability was spent over busy knitting needles and cheering teacups in the attractive Berkeley home of Secretary Kelsey and his wife and daughter.

* * * * *

Sympathy and congratulations in equal and large measure

are being extended to Mrs. John K. Browne, Thank-offering Secretary of the Northern California Branch. Sympathy for the distressing accident of being run over by an automobile, and congratulations that severe and painful bruises were the most serious result of the accident. Mrs. Browne has been staying at the Hahnemann Hospital, San Francisco, but hopes to be able to leave this week.

Bertha Allen Gives More of Her Experiences On a Trip to Kucheng.

(Last week we had to leave Miss Allen in these interesting experiences, so charmingly told by her—cuddled up on a little bed in a Chinese Inn, awaiting a mid-night launch whistle. But we left her there unafraid—for "G" her "splendid Chinese messenger," she had told us was "a real hero.")

The first whistle awakened me, and "G" and I, along with dozens more, began to transfer all our baskets onto the dark hulk of a launch. All our baskets could not go on the tiny ferry with us, so the messenger found part of a cabin for me, through the kindness of a Kucheng official who gave up half of his, then he went ashore for the rest of his things. Long after the launch had started "G" returned to my cabin. I asked if he had found the baskets and he answered that he had. Then he took my fire-basket and filled it, offering it to me. But as I was not cold I told him he could use it. Oh how glad I was that I had not needed it, for "G" sat there in the cabin all the rest of the night hugging it and in the morning told me that he had fallen into the river on the way back to the launch the night before, in an effort to save the things on the little boat which had been overloaded He had been successful in saving everything except one bundle of his own which was tipped overboard.

All day long we steamed up the river, towing four side boats to hold part of the three-hundred people who had collected because of the day's delay. The cabin was so stuffy and full of men that I spent most of the time sitting on the launch railing. It was bracing cold and all those Chinese people wrapped in their bedding, perched on every available spot of that old boat were funny sights. But, I was too, with my layers of coats and my stocking cap pulled down around my ears.

The river was so low that every time we came to a shallow spot the rest of the passengers were all shooed onto the side boats where they perched on the bamboo roofs and held onto each other, not daring to move for fear the whole boat would tip over, while I was allowed to sit in solemn loneliness on the launch. I offered to go too, but the smiling boy told me there was no need of it.

As I sat on the edge eating oranges, the Kucheng official who had so kindly let me rent part of his cabin, sent me out his card with his regards. The messenger told me that this was very polite of him, and I began to wonder if a foreigner traveling alone in America would receive such kindness as I was being shown on all sides.

Just at dark we reached the picturesque old village where the launch ride terminated. The Anglican Chinese preacher was on the shore with his lantern, waiting to escort me to his house for over night. The ferry had to make many a trip to get the crowd to shore and when we finally took our turn, "G" suddenly discovered that his remaining bundle of personal belongings had been stolen. But he only laughed, assured me that it was not important, and helped me ashore, saying as we went "I am so glad God kept us safely on this crowded journey." He has not been a Christian very long and, I later learned, had only cut off his queue before making this his third trip down to Foochow.

We wound up the rough path and through the stair-step street to the little parsonage, where I was royally welcomed by the wife and four little tots. Upstairs they lad me to a bare room with a table, and here I set up my cot and had a fine night's sleep. Early the next morning "G" tapped on the door to announce that he was ready to get my breakfast and start for the thirty mile chair ride, for my men were already waiting down stairs.

With my baskets swinging on ahead, myself well bundled in the covered chair and "G" jauntly danging his heavy load on his dang stick, we started out. It was a perfect day and the scenery was grand as we climbed mountains and wound along the tumbling stream, among little villages resting at tiny smoky tea-houses. I was surprised at one place to have the Kucheng official whose chair was near mine, come up and offer me two lovely dried persimmons. They tasted delicious with my lunch. At another tea-house another fellow traveler asked me if he might bring me some tea. "G" most faithfully looked after my wants and brought tea, steaming hot in a little bowl, every time we stopped. My big regret is that I haven't learned to care much for tea.

In the late afternoon we reached a hilltop from which we could see all of the pretty old city of Kucheng with its winding, historic wall. Then we dipped into the valley, followed the wall to the South Gate, took a ferry across the river and climbed the hill to the sightly Anglican Mission Compound. Across the city we could see the Methodist buildings of the same grey brick.

The five English women welcomed me most cordially and I felt right at home. We had a happy, busy ten days together, with visits to the Methodist compound, "America" as they all called it, long walks over the hills after tea and the rest of the time filled with examinations. Of the seven girls who had been having Kindergarten training, three were in the name of our Union Kindergarten Training School. All had to give practise lessons for me to mark as their examination in teaching, had to sing and play for me, and Miss Jacob translated all their written papers for me to mark. I was delighted with the work they had done and if you could have seen those girls with their groups of little children around theme you would be sure that Chinese girls have it in them to make good kindergarten teachers.

The new U. K. T. S. diplomas and official seals arrived just in time for their graduation ceremony, and Miss Jacob and I were proud of our first three graduates. We were sorry that Miss Alice Lacy, our Methodist co-worker who has just arrived, could not be up there for the exercises. One of the three girls, who had her former training at Ponasang, is to be our helper in our U. K. T. practice kindergarten which we plan to start in about a month. She, I am sure, will do well. The girls were all duly afraid of me in my dignified role of examiner. One girl, after giving a drill before me in which she counted "1, 2, 3, 4," went to her lunch and, it being her turn to ask a blessing, started out "1, 2, 3, 4." I felt like a regular ogre when I heard about it. But after all had passed I hope they realized that I loved them as girls. I had one of them with me on the trip down and we had some jolly times together. It was such a new experience to me to be put in such an elevated position as official examiner that I had to muster all the dignity I possessed.

Coming down there were three of us, the Chinese girl, Miss Jacob and I beside the trusty "G." At this time of year, just before Chinese New Year, the country up there is terrorized by bands of men who go to the villages demanding money, food, etc., and burning houses if these are

refused. Many of the villagers had fled to Kucheng where the city gates were shut every night at sunset. As we went down, the villages were pitifully deserted, with some burnt houses, a few quiet groups of people and hardly a pig or a chick to be seen. The hardest part is that the soldiers go up from Foochow and drive the bands into the mountains then they insist on being fed on the best the people have, so the people flee from them, also. Oh, how we wish China could have a well organized government which would not allow such conditions to exist.

We reached the river just at dark and took a tiny boat instead of waiting until the next day for the launch. But a heavy wind came up so we just had to anchor to the shore. Every half hour the shore watchman would go by clanging out the hour on his brass cymbal, so our naps had to be short! Miss Jacob had to be back sooner than I, so she flagged the launch next morning, which, because of the wind, passed us. We three who were left did not reach Foochow for twenty-four hours more, but we had a good time on the boat, teaching me Chinese, working a Chinese abacus, what they all use in adding and subtracting, trying to row the boat and talking. When we reached the Foochow landing I felt as though I were parting from old friends when I had to leave "G" and the Chinese kindergarten girl. The whole trip and the examining experience was one which I wouldn't have missed for anything. I surely do have the most interesting things to do.

I know you are wishing I would stop this lengthy epistle, but I can't until I tell you that we have given our contract for tables and chairs for our training school kindergarten, that we are working out the details of the first year's course, that we will probably have five or six girls coming to us next month to begin their work and that we have a "really" piano, a gift from America, which is standing boxed this minute on Miss Lucy's front porch just as it arrived from Shanghai. Yes, we feel as though work was really going to begin now and I can hardly wait, though I feel wofully inadequate. But we know God is guiding our plans and we are praying that He will prepare us and our girls so that the U. K. T. S. may be a strong agency for spreading the gospel message through this province.

Most happily yours,

BERTHA H. ALLEN,

Union Kindergarten Training School, Foochow, China.

For The Children.

A MORNING CALL.

Sammy and Polly were traveling with their parents, and they had stopped for the night near an Indian reservation. In the morning the children heard a drum beating in the Indian village near by, and they were very curious to go over to the tents and see how the Indians lived.

"Come, Polly, let's go and find the music," Sammy said to his little sister. He took her by the hand, and they hurried over to the nearest group of tents.

The grove that sheltered the tiny Indian village was only two minutes' walk from the hotel, but Sammy hurried along so fast that Polly nearly fell down in the dusty road.

At the entrance to the first tent, which looked to the children like a little playhouse, there stood a beautiful Indian child, who wore long leather leggings and an embroidered leather shirt. At first Sammy thought that the child was a boy; but when she smiled, and said in a sweet, high voice, "How do" he realized that the dark little Indian was a girl of about his own age.

She came close to him and touched his light, curly hair.

Sammy said, "My name is Sammy Tufts. I have brought you some apples. I want to see the man who is beating that drum."

A-wah-nee—for that was the girl's name—turned and beckoned to them to follow.

They saw a number of children and dogs; one boy was mending an arrow, and other boys were pitching quoits; but they all stopped and watched the two white children. A-wah-nee said, "Sihks," which meant friends; so they all smiled, and some of them followed the newcomers.

A-wah-nee led them to a large tent where a dozen Indians were making rugs. One old man, sitting in the sun, beat now and again upon a drum that looked as if it had been made from an inverted pottery bowl.

A-wah-nee called, "Yo-se-mie! Yo-se-mie!" and a boy about ten years old came running out of the tent. She said something to him in their own language, and he took a small flutelike instrument from his jacket pocket and sat down beside the old man. Together they played a kind of chant, and some of the children, singing an Indian song, danced to the music of the flute and drum.

A-wah-nee smiled at Sammy proudly, and when they had finished, she said, "Good good, eh?"

Sammy did not like the music very well, but he did what he had seen his father do—he threw some pennies to them all. He had only five or six, but the boys seemed delighted to scramble for them, and one boy threw his penny in the air and then caught it again in his mouth. The old Indian kept on beating his drum, and paid no attention to the children.

Then A-wah-nee said, as she pointed her brown finger at Sammy, "You sing."

Sammy did not know any songs; but suddenly he thought of Polly, who still clung to his hand. She knew a song about the silver moon. "You sing to them, Polly, about the boat and the moon," he said.

Polly was frightened, but, as she always did what her brother told her to do, she began to sing. The Indian children all smiled broadly when Polly had finished and two or three of the older children each threw her a penny.

Polly drew back astonished and Sammy reddened; but a voice behind them said, "Take the pennies, dear; it is the only way they know of thanking you. They are trying to be polite and do just what the white people do."

Sammy and Polly turned and ran toward their father, who had followed them without being seen.

"Why, father, we can't take their money!"

"Why not, if you expect them to take yours? But I'll tell you what we'll do; this afternoon we'll bring them other gifts."—Kate M. Buss.

THE CASTLE OF DREAMS.

"I wonder where all the dreams come from," said Norine one night as she was being tucked snugly into her little, white bed.

"Why don't you ask the Dream Fairy?" smiled mamma, as she kissed her good-night.

After mamma had left her Norine lay gazing out of the window, where the moonlight lay in patches upon the green lawn. She was quite sleepy, and she knew that all the birds were safe in their cozy nests, for Norine and the birds went to sleep together.

Suddenly she saw that a beautiful lady was standing in the moonlight and smiling at her.

"I am the Dream Fairy, dear,' she said ever so softly, and her voice sounded like the ripple of the little brook be-

yond the garden. 'Come with me and I will show you the Castle of Dreams."

She lifted the child in her lovely white arms, wrapped her gray cloak around her and away they flew, high over woods and fields, over mountains and streams, till at last they came to a castle over which masses of gray clouds hung low. There were great trees, whose tops swayed and rustled, and there was a gently-flowing river called the River of Sleep.

Every sound was low and soft and soothing.

The Dream Fairy flew straight to the door and bade the child knock. As she did so a voice from within said:

"Who is there?" And the fairy answered for her, "A child."

"How came you hither?" asked the gentle voice.

"Over the River of Sleep."

"Who was your guide?"

'The Dream Fairy."

"What is your will?"

"To enter the Castle of Dreams."

"Enter."

Without a sound the doors swung open and they stepped into the shadowy hall.The fairy led Norine to a room on the right, where the bad dreams were shut up. Norine looked in and then slammed the door very quickly before any of them could escape.

The Dream Fairy laughed. "Those dwarfs are the bad dreams," she said, "and I am obliged to let them out when children have been naughty or will eat things that do not agree with them. Each one carries a bagful of unpleasant thoughts."

"I do not like them," said the child.

They crossed the hall so that Norine might see the good dreams. There they were—the loveliest fairies with baskets of flowers, and each flower was a beautiful thought. The little girl was delighted.

"Oh!" she cried. "I choose that perfectly lovely dream over there. May she come to-morrow night?"

"Norine would have liked to stay for a long time with the good dreams, but the fairy told her that they must start for home. On the way they met a dream, who had been to visit a sick child, and was just returning. Her face was very sad.

'How is little Alice?" asked the Dream Fairy.

"Little Alice is better. She is smiling now at the dream that I brought her, but she will always have to lie in her bed. She can never run about again like other children."

"Why," cried Norine, "I know Alice. She lives on our street. Don't you think," she went on, "'that I could be a Day Dream? I could go to see Alice and take her pleasant thoughts, and I would keep saying to myself all the time, 'I am a Day Dream—a happy Day Dream for Alice.' "

"Of course you can," said the Dream Fairy; you shall be a Day Dream and at night I will send my fairies to drive away the pain elves, and we will try to make Alice a happy little girl. For do you know," she said, as she laid Norine back in her white bed and stooped to kiss her, "little girls are the loveliest sort of Day Dreams when they are good."

—Fannie Pendleton.

"Stick to it, boy; don't chuck it up
Because there's something new
That's glimmerin' in the distance
An' fascinatin' you.
Why, make believe there's nothin' beats
The job you've just begun,
An' keep right at the thing you've got—
Stick to it till it's done."

It takes more religion to make a dyspeptic smile than it does to make a healthy man shout.

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